

VIOLINIST PLAYS STOCKS; DUPED

Galtz-Hocky Loses \$50,000 by Buying Mine Paper from Friend.

SWINDLER DEAD, WIRE FROM WEST

Musician Watches Thompson Gang Sentenced, but Fails to Trace His Money.

Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, entering the Plaza branch of the Union Trust company recently, after a recital, met Galtz-Hocky, whose bow and fiddle have made the Plaza Hotel grill a place of interest. Galtz-Hocky had just obtained a \$50,000 loan and was on his way to take a mining in east.

"Ah, Fritz, my good friend, wish me luck. In a few days I am a rich man and I shall be no more!" said Galtz-Hocky, wringing Kreisler's hand. The violinist knew his Russian friend was a good violinist and earned \$15,000 a year, but he had serious misgivings about his financial ability.

"Have a care, Galtz-Hocky. Remember my advice, stick to the fiddle," replied the Austrian virtuoso.

Yesterday Galtz-Hocky walked dejectedly out of the court and told reporters that he had been swindled out of \$50,000 in cash and was in debt \$75,000 to the Union Trust company because he bought 25,000 shares of worthless stock in the "Consolidated Mining Company," of Denver, on a tip handed to him by a "Harry Clinton" met while watching the boards in a broker's office in West Forty-fourth Street, near Fifth Avenue.

"Clinton" not only turned the tip over to Galtz-Hocky, but offered to use him down to Trenton, N. J., to meet "Thomas Kennedy," alias "Bradley," who was willing to part with 25,000 shares of radium stock at \$2 a share. The purchase went through on December 31, 1915, without the little violinist bothering to find out why "Bradley" was willing to part with a thing of investment. Why should he? "Clinton" had found a buyer for Galtz-Hocky's mine named "Williams," the Pitt-Carlton, in Philadelphia, who would give \$3.50 for the stock and a "gold bond" to boot.

And then "Clinton" skipped. "Clinton" steered the violinist to Philadelphia to meet "Williams." The latter suggested that the stock certificate be sent by express to the Consolidated Radium Mining Company's office in Denver for a transfer. Galtz-Hocky returned to New York and was obliged to go to Omaha, a week later the stock came back in a press, marked "not called for," and Galtz-Hocky telegraphed for his friend "Clinton" and to "Williams" in Philadelphia but received no answer. Then he turned out to Denver alone, where he found that the mining company was incorporated in Arizona, but had done no business.

Seek Swindler in Court. In hope that he might recognize some of the swindlers that had swindled him, the violinist was present yesterday in General Sessions when Frank T. Thompson, "Doc" Eads, "Doc" Morris, Joseph P. Hagan, George Pohlman, Louis Weiss and Sam Groux were up for sentence for swindling Louis Gallant, a St. Louis stockbroker, out of \$65,000. He was swindled, but "Doc" Eads, the dean of Thompson's fake gang, told the violinist that "Kennedy," alias Bradley, was a notorious fake stock swindler, who has operated in many sections of the country.

Galtz-Hocky after the swindle received telegrams signed "Clinton," dated Omaha, telling of his illness. Later one came telling of "Clinton's" death, and that the body had been shipped to Australia. Investigation showed this was a hoax.

Judge Rosalsky yesterday sentenced Frank T. Thompson to Sing Sing for five years. Louis Weiss, who shared heavily with Thompson, got two years. Suspended sentences were given in the cases of James Morris, who is seventy years old and impersonated Andrew Carnegie, and "Doc" Eads. The latter turned state's evidence.

George Pohlman got an indeterminate sentence in the penitentiary, and Sam Groux, who pleaded guilty to a charge of swindling a Springfield (Mass.) man out of \$25,000, was sent to the penitentiary. The sentencing of Joseph Feldman was put over until Monday.

FORGERS' BRAINS WALK OUT OF POLICE STATION

While Pretty Wife Is Being Questioned He Just Leaves.

One simple and effective way of escaping from a New York police station, says William Mittler, is to open the door and walk out. He did that little thing last evening after he had been arrested as the brains of a gang of forgers who are credited with swindling express companies out of a small fortune by means of fraudulent money orders.

But Mittler must give a part of the credit to his nineteen-year-old wife, who was so busy confessing to detectives at the Fourth Branch Detective Bureau that they could hardly be expected to pay much attention to a mere man. At any rate, they didn't. The pretty Mrs. Mittler still was at the station, according to latest information, while her husband was the object of a city-wide search.

The Mittlerers, William Anderson and Frances Anus, were arrested at 118 West Eighty-third Street late in the afternoon on complaint of Clarence H. Lambert, special agent for the American Express Company. The two men, both of whom are said to be ex-convicts, were credited with making use of the women in circulating the forged express money orders.

The quartet were taken to the Fourth Branch Detective Bureau, at 342 West 123d Street. Mittler was kept downstairs while his wife was escorted to the floor above, where she was questioned by several detectives. One of the men was insisting that her husband was the brains of the gang when Mittler, evidently wishing to show that he was the legs of the organization as well, walked out and away.

POISON PEN FOUND IN CHICAGO SUBURB

Letters Follow Marital "Melee"—Wife No. 5 Sues Wife No. 4.

Chicago, Feb. 18.—A "poison pen" war has come to light in the filing of a suit against Miss Clara Otto, until a recent annulment the fourth wife of Dr. Henry Carpenter, a resident of Glen Ellyn, a West Side suburb. Mrs. Carpenter demands \$10,000 damages. The letters Mrs. Carpenter No. 5 received were anonymous.

The suit is based on remarks said to have been made in a "matrimonial melee" on a street in the suburb, during which it is charged, the physician struck Miss Otto. He was arrested. One long letter and two postcards were addressed to Dr. Carpenter. Another postcard of similar character and signed "Bea" was sent to Mrs. Charles Baker, Prairie View, Ill. The letter, which bears the date January 28, 1916, starts as follows:

"Dearie! If you ever make an attempt to bring THAT to live here in this town, or here in the home I have lived for, and suffered in and for, believe me, you and No. 5 will receive a hearty welcome—rest assured of that."

"You shuffled the cards and played your hand. Now it's my turn to play and win the stakes that are rightfully mine. If marrying so greatly reduces your age, keep it up and when you get to the age of five years, then begin life anew right and try then to learn the A. B. C. of being a gentleman, if you ever can."

ORPET POISON BOTTLE FOUND

State Gets Long Sought Evidence in the Marian Lambert Case.

DEFENCE LAWYERS MAKE BOLD MOVE

Seek to Show That Cyanide Taken at Prisoner's Home Had Lost Its Strength.

(By Telegraph to The Tribune.) Chicago, Feb. 18.—Asserting that the bottle believed to have contained the poison which caused the death of Miss Marian Lambert, the Lake Forest High School girl, has been found, authorities of Lake County began to-day to line up witnesses who will testify at the inquest next Monday.

No information regarding the finding of the bottle was given out except that the quest for this last piece of evidence against William H. Orpet, who is accused of the murder, had been successful. It was said the bottle furnished evidence that Orpet had carried the poison into the woods on the day he met Miss Lambert for a farewell try.

The bottle was found by Sheriff Elmore Griffin after the rain of yesterday had melted away a snowbank at the Sacred Heart crossing. After a conference in Waukegan with State Attorney Dady, he would say no more than that he had stumbled on the bottle at the Sacred Heart crossing, a few hundred yards from the spot where Marian Lambert died.

Mr. Dady was equally non-committal. He had said that all he needed was the poison vial to prove that Orpet was a murderer. He has the history of the vial that Orpet purchased from a Madison drugist. If the drugist identifies the bottle found to-day the prosecutor is confident Orpet's guilt will be proved.

Orpet's attorneys made a bold move to-day. It was learned in Waukegan that samples of the cyanide of potassium found in an ash heap in the cellar of the Orpet home had been taken to a Chicago chemist to be compared with the poison crystals found on the body of the girl.

The Sheriff and State's Attorney knew nothing about this move. It is thought to be a move by the defense to bear out the elder Orpet's statement that the cyanide of the ash heap had "gone dead"—lost its strength. If it is found that this is true it will be difficult for the state to show that Orpet ever had poison in his possession.

Summons have been given to Sheriff Griffin by State's Attorney Dady for many school friends of Miss Lambert, who are expected to testify at the inquest regarding her relations with Orpet and of the events which preceded the finding of her body. Fifty letters which are said to have passed between Orpet and Miss Lambert through Miss Josephine Davis, a mutual friend, will be important parts of the evidence.

Witnesses for whom summonses have been issued are Miss Davis, Frances Harder, Eleanor Double, Verne Jackson, Anna Pohlson, Mary Marshall, Dr. B. M. Parmenter, of Lake Forest; Charles Hassinger, of Madison; David James, Charles Petella, Walter McGuire, Lake Forest police chief; Sheriff Griffin, Everett C. Friganza, of Lake Forest, and Drs. Ralph Webster and E. R. La Count, who made an analysis of the contents of Miss Lambert's stomach.

Orpet will not testify at the inquest, according to his lawyers, Leslie P. Hanna, of Waukegan, and James H. Wilkerson, of Chicago.

Taunts Member as "Unfair."

Representative Paul Nesbitt, Democrat, of Pittsburgh County, had voted in favor of the proposed law, and, as he announced his vote, Representative Sams, Republican, taunted Nesbitt with being "unfair" to Republicans.

"They probably took you for the crook that you are," said Sams. "If you make that charge on are a liar!" replied Nesbitt.

Sams arose in his seat, and, assuming an attitude of defiance, shouted toward the Democratic side of the House, "Come on!"

In an instant every Democratic and Republican member of the House was on his feet. Ink bottles and paper weights were thrown back and forth. The Democratic members advanced through the aisles toward the Republican members. Speaker A. C. McCrory left his chair and rushed out of the hall. The Democrats greatly outnumbered the Republican combatants, and after a few volleys of inkwells, paper weights and books the melee ended.

Battle Spread to Neutrals.

Representative Tom Hensley, Democrat, went to the "side line" and engaged in conversation with Geissler. When Hensley walked away Bryant stepped up to Geissler and demanded:

"What right have you to be talking to a Representative on the floor of the House?"

Geissler replied: "Beg pardon, what is your name?" Whereupon Bryant hit Geissler in the face, according to witnesses, knocking him to the floor and rendering him unconscious for several minutes.

Bryant became lost in the crowd that rushed around Geissler. No further disturbances occurred.

President Wilson recently pardoned two Oklahoma election officials convicted for entering their "grandfather text." Two others now are on trial in the Federal court at Guthrie.

JANUARY EXPORTS ADVANCE \$71,631,612

Foreign Shipments Lower. Port Report Shows.

Exports from the port of New York during January were valued at \$175,656,477, as shown by a detailed report for the month made public by customs officials yesterday. Of the total, \$173,288,492 was classified as domestic exports and \$2,367,985 as foreign.

Exports for January, 1914, aggregated \$104,025,265, of which \$100,876,132 was classified as domestic and \$3,149,133 as foreign.

MARIAN LAMBERT.



Lake Forest, Ill., high school girl, whom Will Orpet is accused of poisoning.

SOLONS FIGHT PITCHED BATTLE

Inkwells as Shells Prepares Democrat Attack in Oklahoma House.

Oklahoma City, Okla., Feb. 18.—Tumultuous scenes occurred in the Oklahoma House of Representatives to-day, while the members were voting on a section of an election law designed to take the place of the famous "grandfather law," recently declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court because it disenfranchised the negroes.

Partisan feeling culminated in a near riot caused by charges of corruption and the passing of the lie between members, during which ink bottles and paper weights were used as weapons. A serious affair seemed inevitable as Democrats massed and advanced toward the Republicans and Socialists. Arthur H. Geissler, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, was knocked down and rendered unconscious by Representative Lorise E. Bryant, of Osage County.

The proposed law is the product of a Democratic caucus. It had passed the Senate and was up for final passage in the House, with Republican and Socialist members offering vigorous opposition. Geissler was on the floor through the courtesy of a visitor's permit, issued him as Republican state chairman.

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BRYAN BLESSING STILL STANDS

"Commoner" Reiterates Differences with Wilson Were "Not Personal."

(By Telegraph to The Tribune.) Lincoln, Neb., Feb. 18.—In "The Commoner" to-day W. J. Bryan makes the following statement under the head "Differences Not Personal":

"For the benefit of those who seem unable to understand disagreements as to principle, I venture to bring down to date the personal relations between the President and myself. The letters that passed between us at the time of my resignation ought to be accepted by friends of both as sufficient proof that there were no personal differences between us at that time."

"No personal differences have arisen since. The President is doing his duty as he sees it. Acting under the responsibility of a citizen and under a sense of obligation to those who have trusted me, I am doing my duty as I see it. I am opposing the plan to increase the appropriations for the army and navy, just as I would expect the President to do if our positions were reversed and he looked upon the subject as I do."

In another signed statement Mr. Bryan accuses Wilson of "joy riding with the jingoes," saying:

"The President's preparedness programme is revolutionary. It is an abandonment of the historic policy of his party and the tradition of the country. He has departed from the safe path of experience and is following the devious ways pointed out by the big game hunters of the world. He is joy riding with the jingoes and is applauded by grandstanders whose voices are unfamiliar to Democratic ears. He is being praised by militarists who seldom, if ever, vote the ticket of his party, and he is grieving those to whom Democracy is a religion."

"What is the cause of this change of attitude? He has recently declared that we are not threatened from any quarter, that we are at peace with all the world and that there is no fear of the change." He is diplomatically so close to the European war that his uproars prevent his hearing the still small voice of the people? Has he gazed upon the floor of the transatlantic slaughter house until the soil of his country looks red?"

HAD \$50,000 FOUR YEARS AND DIDN'T KNOW IT

Mother Left It to Fireman, but He Wasn't Curious.

(By Telegraph to The Tribune.) Philadelphia, Feb. 18.—John T. Lammon, for more than twenty years a member of the Philadelphia Fire Department, learned to-day for the first time that he had inherited a fortune from his mother, who died four years ago here.

The exact amount has not been definitely ascertained, but is estimated at about \$50,000. Most of it is in bonds, deeds, mortgages and bank deposits, besides a large amount of cash in a safe deposit box in the vaults of the Fidelity Trust Company.

"John never was curious," said several of his brother firemen afterward. "It is likely that, when his mother died, he just moved into her home and never bothered about going through her personal effects."

MYSTERY IN BURGLARY CASE

Ex-Postmaster Accused by Glen Cove Woman.

Glen Cove, L. I., Feb. 18.—Joseph Hegeman, formerly postmaster at Bayville, was arrested last night charged with burglary, on complaint of Ida Perry, manager of the Perry estate.

She alleges that Hegeman was seen entering one of the buildings on the property. Justice of the Peace William Luyster held him in \$2,500 bail. Friends of Hegeman say they cannot understand the charge against him. From the complaint it appears that he is not accused of taking anything.

He was arrested while sleighing with his wife. He comes from an old Long Island family of Quakers.

SLAYER PRIEST DIES UNTRIED

Schmidt Brushes Aside His Guards to Make Speech in Front of Chair.

LAST WORDS "HEARTY GREETING TO MOTHER"

Life Still Remains After More than Minute of Current—Three Shocks Given.

Hans Schmidt, the first Catholic priest ever to be executed in the United States, stolidly gave up his life at Sing Sing yesterday morning as the payment which the state exacted for his murder of Anna Aumuller. Three times the current battered its way through his stocky body before the personality of the man was eradicated and the human being that was became a lumpy, waxlike effigy. At 5:59 the man who first seduced and then killed his victim and mutilated her body in a Harlem flat in September, 1913, was pronounced officially dead.

From the limp hands of what had been a moment before a living man, Father Cashion, the prison chaplain, took before the body was hurried away to the dissecting room the two emblems of his faith—the crucifix of silver and rosewood on which a hundred criminals have bestowed their last look in life and a fragile, white-headed rosary. These Schmidt carried on his final journey from his cell; upon these his stubby fingers tightened convulsively as the electric charge drove through his body. Otherwise he paid little attention to the or to the litany which the priest, somber in his black cassock and purple stole, murmured to him.

Schmidt died gamely, almost defiantly. The terror which had racked him in the past weeks, the fancied diseases from which he had believed himself to be suffering—all were forgotten in this last role which his distorted mind was to force his body to play. He tramped stolidly into the white-walled death chamber with his part clear in his mind. He interpreted it to his own satisfaction before the hawk-faced little executioner blotted out his pose and courage and life.

Shuffle of Feet.

At 5:45 the witnesses deserted coffee they did not taste and toast that was hard to swallow and followed Fred Dornier, principal keeper, down a dark staircase through a tunnel into the glare of the death chamber. Outside the early winter morning was deathly still; within the warm, meagrely furnished room a more brooding quiet filled the air.

Then from beyond the door, swung wide in the right wall, came the shuffle of feet. Dornier, white haired, erect, entered. Behind him came a sturdy figure, broad of shoulder, thick of limb. Schmidt's face was pasty above the white of his shirt. The thin, lustreless hair was rumpled about his head. One big hand clutched the cross in the fingers of the other was laced the rosary. He had been drooping responses to Father Cashion's litany when he left his cell. Behind their grating, over which curtains had been drawn, the twenty other men who are to follow him heard their fellow start on his last long journey.

Just before he stepped into the room where he was to die Schmidt broke off his mumbled prayer. Those who waited heard a strained, rather high voice crying:

"Goodbye everybody. Goodbye all, especially Watson."

To the witnesses came the far-off, chorused murmur of a response, "Goodbye, goodbye." It was the companions of the doomed man bidding him farewell for a little while. Watson was the priest's particular friend in the house of the condemned. It is he who will be the next to follow Schmidt's trail.

As the doomed man entered the death chamber he took up again the murmured litany. His repetition of the words Father Cashion spoke seemed mechanical, almost indifferent. The pale eyes glanced at the chair, and then swept over the occupants of the two long benches. He paused as he reached the center of the room.

Greeting to Mother.

"I have a statement to make," he announced, in a precise voice. "I ask forgiveness."

The keepers about the chair looked at him irresolutely, as though to smother any outbreak. The man whose life space was measured by seconds pushed them back.

"Just a moment, just a moment!" he protested, almost peevishly, and they let him continue.

"I beg forgiveness of all I have offended or scandalized," the queer, phonographic voice continued; "And I want to forgive all who have offended against me."

Then, without assistance, he plumped himself down solidly in the chair and leaned back. He prayed for a minute while the straps were being adjusted. As the black leather helmet was being fitted to his head he started to pray again.

"Into Thy hands, O Lord," he repeated, jerkily, after Father Cashion who bent over him, and then broke off. "I send a hearty greeting to my mother, especially," he cried, as they dropped the black mask before his face, and then in a louder tone, as though he were calling to the other men he

was calling to the other men he

was calling to the other men he

was calling to the other men he

was calling to the other men he

was calling to the other men he

was calling to the other men he

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Silk Neckwear of Unusual Beauty

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This collection of silk neckwear is remarkable from two points: The quality of the silk is far above the average, and the designs and colors are of a kind usually foreign to neckwear at this price.

Each scarf included is liberally cut; there are six thousand to choose from, and every one bears the Sax-Service band.

Also—Men's New Spring Derbies at \$1.95

Quality Hats from every standpoint. Made over the new Spring blocks, and lined with good quality silk lining.

In Aldine brown and onion skin brown; also jet blacks that will stay black—dyed with the old dyes.

had left in the room behind the little door, "Goodbye to all friends."

A second later Dornier gave the signal. There was a humming hiss and a crackle as the electric charge shot through the man's body. For a minute and twelve seconds the sullen drone continued. Then the rigid form, taut under the tension of the current that was ripping body from soul, relaxed and fell away from the restraining straps back into the chair. The silver cross, held stiffly erect, dropped and lay horizontal in the lime palm. Hans Schmidt had practically ceased to exist, but his heart yet beat feebly, and twice more the 1,800-volt charge was hurled through him before he was pronounced officially dead.

"I am dying," he cried. "Now I go to my mother, Harry."

To-morrow morning a prayer shawl will be wrapped about the body of "Gyp's" father. It is black and white striped, with dangling tufts of wool at the four corners.

While "Kadisch," or the slow prayer of mourning, is said, the body of Joseph Horowitz will be lowered by the side of his son.

GRIEF FOR 'GY' KILLS EX-GANGSTER'S FATHER

Broken Hearted Parent Dies Saying "Now I Go to My Boy."

The father of "Gyp the Blood" Horowitz is resting on the parlor floor of a Bronx flat awaiting burial. A circle of cheap, smoky candles flickered about his body during the night and ancient men, with long, white forelocks swayed to and fro while they sang Hebrew hymns. Were the shroud removed the eyes of the dead man would stare at a framed photograph of Harry Horowitz, murderer of Herman Rosenblatt and victim of the electric chair.

His last words were: "Harry, my boy, Harry." "My heart is bursting," he cried that

spring day two years ago. He had thrown himself on a freshly covered grave in the sight of curious thousands. It took two years for Joseph Horowitz, small, lean East Side tailor, to die from the effects of the grief that was gnawing his life away.

He gave up his job because the needle faltered and his fingers shook. He waited and prayed.

Then came Thursday. Joseph Horowitz belied his fifty-two years, for he was white and his head sagged. He sat at the table with his wife and the wife of the son the state took. Suddenly his hand went to his breast. He rose unsteadily from his seat. They carried him to the bed. His eyes rolled and he gasped for breath.

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Cooks Now Philippine Agents. Thomas Cook & Son have been notified of their appointment as official passenger agents to the Philippine government. Some years ago the firm's branch at Manila was named agent for the insular government for the charter of private steamers for trips among the islands. This general official appointment places all the offices of Thomas Cook & Son at the service of Philippine travellers.

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The "Cordwainer" Exclusive with us and one of the best wearing Shoes we know of. Tan or black calfskin with damp-proof soles \$7.00

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It is the most critical man who finds the Lord & Taylor assortment best/equipped to